

REALITY

To be a man hold your head up high
And show your face
Let the world know what you're feeling
Put them in their place

Pluck your heart out and hold it forth
For all the world to see
Flesh and blood do make a man
And that is reality

What is this void, this nothingness,
This empty space inside?
A place it is for all of us
To run and shoot and hide

Look into the soul
A blankness stares back
A little twist, little turn
A loss of reality
Watch through the window on a stormy night
Reflection stares back, misshapen by fright
It's reality

Reflection does resemble me
In its shape and form
But it lacks real depth, I see
Like shadows in a storm

At the scapegoat's eyes, a backwards stare
With hope to find more
But all I see is a thousand me's
Like crystals on the floor

This space, this void, this nothingness
This emptiness within
This place, its name is cowardice
And it goes without amend

Look into the soul
A blankness stares back
A little twist, little turn
A loss of reality
Watch through a window on a stormy night
Reflection stares back misshapen by fright
It's reality

Daniel Patrick Sweeney
1976-2014